

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION, (Including Postage),

red at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

YEARLY RECORD.

TOTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1888 104,473,650.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR ENTIRE YEAR: 285,447. SEVEN YEARS COMPARED:

ship May 10, 1883.							
Year.	Fearly Total.	Daily Av'g					
1882	8,151,157	22,331					
	12,235,234	33,541					
	28,519,785	77.922					
1885		140,387					
	70,126,041	192,120					
1887		228,465					
	104,473,650	285,447					

Sunday WORLD'S Record Averaging Over 230,000 Copies Each Sunday Since 1885.

The average Circulation of The Sun-14,727 day WORLD during 1889 was The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1883 was The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1884 was The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1885 was ... 166,636 the Average Circulation of The Sun- 234,724 The Average Circulation of The Sun- 257,267 The Average Circulation of The Sun- 260,326

Amount of White Paper Used During th Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888

Year.	ear, Poun		ds. Year.		Pounds.		
Pear. 1883 1884 1885	.1,423 .4,468 .8,229	,288 ,455 ,207	18 18 18		15,6	15	0,829 7,662 4,467
CIRCULI	TION	B00	KS	OPE	N T	0	ALL

WORLDLINGS.

The most elaborate dinners given in Washingon are those given by Senator and Mrs. Stan ord. Their favorite number of guests is eigh-

On eight of the ballot slips used by a St. Pau jury recently, the word guilty was variously elled: Greilty, gilty, guildy, gealty, gealtey, galdy, guldy, geilty.

Senster Allison, who is now the man in this county most talked about, is very popular in Vashington. He is approachable, frank, easy of manner, yet always dignified. He is one of the best dressed men in public life.

The richest man in Eastern Washington Territory is A. M. Cannon, of Spokane Falls. He is said to be worth from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000. Mr. Cannon went out to Spokane Falls nine years ago as a sewing-machine agent.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Tammany's Leader Secking Rest. [New York Special to Philadelphia Ledger

Commissioner Richard Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall, is sick, and is about to leave for Aiken, S. C., with his family, for rest and recuperation. Upon this basis of fact has been built a superstructure of fic tion, and this afternoon stories were affoat that gave the impression that the Tammany leader had broken down in much the same way as his predecessor, John Kelly, did. While the Commissioner has undoubtedly been working very hard for a year past, and since election has had to ex-ercise all his authority and po-litical skill to keep back the hordes of Tammany officeseekers from swamping Mayor Grant before he had fairly entered upon his duties, yet I am assured by his friends that there is no occasion for alarm concerning his condition, and that a period tof rest will reequip him for his post of leadership. As an additional reason for his trip South, it is stated that his children have been sick and have been ordered a change of climate. Mr. Croker occupies a large place in New York politics. Probably there is no man in political life to day who possesses such an undiscal life to day the day of the life to day who possesses such an undiscal life to day who possesses such and the day of the life to day who possesses such and the life to day w politics. Probably there is no man in politi-cal life to-day who possesses such an undis-puted suthority as he. That authority is, of course, confined to one political organization in this city, but within that limitation he is

Grew Wealthy Without Effort. Detroit Special to Chicago Herald.

When the late Lieut.-Gov. McDonald reached Escanaba he was still a laborer, although he had the confidence of railroad contractors, and they made him superintendent of some railway construction. Little by little be had accumulated means—perhaps \$1,000—and time came for an investment. He paid \$750 for a tract of land near Escanaba. There were no expectations built on the purchase further than that it was a safe place in which to keep his money. But gradually the mining investigations spread, and one day an expert came to him with an offer of \$100,000 for the \$750 tract of land. One of the best mineral veins of the Upper Pennisula had been discovered running across the land. McDonald finally declined the offer. Then \$200,000 was offered. Still he shook his head. Then \$300,000; still "no." \$400,000.

"I think I'll run that myself," said he, He declined \$500,000 for his land. He was a rich man. It had dropped into his hands. \$1,000-and time came for an investment. He

The Harlem Democratic Club's Banquet. The seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of the late Samuel J. Tilden occurs Saturday next. As has been its custom for some time, the Harlem Democratic Club proposes to celebrate the occasion with a banquet at its handsome cluboccasion with a banquer at the nanosome churchouse in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

This annual event furnishes the occasion for a meeting of some of the most prominent Demoratic politicians in the country, and many words of wisdom are dropped at the post-prandial feast of reason. east of reason. urday night's banquet is expected to be urday night's banquet the expected to be

Strange Happenings in the Wonderland of Sleep.

Tips for the Races and a Pre-Vision of the "L" Road.

Many Dreamers with Many Dreams Enter the Great Tournament.

Dreamland's Prophecy.

To the Editor of The Evening World

Fifteen years ago I was living in Austria, where I was born and where I had this dream. I thought I was in a large car, with many people, and as we travelled in the air we were able to look into the upper stories of the were able to look into the upper stories of the houses. I saw in my dream that the road we travelled on was built on stilts. When I related my dream to my parents it caused great laughter. Imagine my great surprise on coming to this country eight years later to find my dream verified in the Third Avenue Elevated road. West Fifty-first Street.

New York, Feb. 5.

Race Tips in Slumber. To the Editor

One night I heard a party of my friends talking about how much they won and lost on the races. That night I dreamed that a horse named Velvet won a race. I told a friend about it, and we played the horse and won quite a sum by it. And now I dream on an average of once a week about a winner and I have not lost yet, as I only bet when I dream.

R. A. D.

A Dove of Lavender Color. In the Editor of The Evening World:

I saw a dove enter my room, and it was of lavender color. I caught the dove, but to keep it was impossible. The next day a lady friend came from the West. I did not expect her. She was dressed in a lavender suit, and she was in a great hurry. Nothing could keep her with me. Was not the dove a 291 Seventh avenue, Brooklyn.

A Vision of Garfield's Assassination.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
On the eve of Garfield's assassination I dreamed he was shot and mortally wounded; that there was a panic in the street, and stocks were all going to the demnition howwows. So vivid was the dream that I thought wows. So vivid was the dream that I thought there was going to be a panic for some cause or another, and having 100 shares of Sioux City, 100 Erie and 100 U. P. stock, I told my brokers at the opening to sell them out at the best price they could get. I related my dream to my brokers at the time, and it is often spoken of in Wall street. I saved considerable money, as stocks took a grand and lofty tumble. The only weak point of my dream was that I had not the "nerve" to go short, besides selling out.

C. D. L.,

109 East Thirty-eighth street.

A Four-Year-Old's Dream.

ar of The Exenting World My little four-year-old frequently talks aloud in her sleep, and very often she relates her dreams and tells of the pretty things she has seen in dreamland. One night she awoke me and said: "Mamma, I d'eamed I was awful told—and I is. Tover me, mamma." L. M., 1652 Madison avenue.

A Case of Second Sight. to the Editor of The Evening World:

While asleep in a car, travelling to my uncle's house at Titusville, Pa., I dreamed that I had arrived at Titusville and my uncle was waiting for me at the station with his carriage and drove me home. Dinner was waiting me at the house, after which I went to bed in the front bedroom. My aunt, whom I never before saw, took me to the room, bid me good-night and left the lamp

When I arrived at Titusville the next day I stepped off the train and spoke to my uncle, who was in the crowd, telling him who I was, stepped on the train and spoke to his unice, who was in the crowd, telling him who I was, he was much surprised, never having seen me before or a photograph of me, and knowing that I had never seen him or his photograph. I told him my dream and he missted upon doubting it until I volunteered to drive him home and described the house, dinnertable bedroom, furniture and the places at the table where his wife, daughter and a lady friend (who had called after he left) were sitting. I also described them so well that he knew who the lady was, and when he arrived at the house we found her there. My uncle asked me to pick out my aunt, which I did, when he and the whole party were fully convinced that I was telling the truth about that dream.

George M. Galloway.

Death Foretold in a Vision.

b the Editor of The Evening World. I dreamed that I was in the room of my landlady, and she was ill. I thought that I sat at her bedside and seemed to be engaged in taking care of her, when I happened to glance at the foot of the bed, and there stood my stepmother, holding up four fingers of her hand. She seemed to have some white clinging drapery around her. A sudden chill came over me and I awoke with a start, tell-ing my husband, who had been awakened by my crying, that my stepmother was dead. The following Thursday night she died suddenly, just four days after my dream.

Dream Flying vs. Real Flying. the Editor of The Evening World

In 1859 I was fifteen years of age and worked on the third floor of a building in Wooster street, near Houston. The two flights of stairs were continuous, with a small landing. I dreamed one night that I started from the head of the stairs and drew my feet up and flew down and out through the hall door, and then soared high up in the air and was flying up and down like a bird. This dream worked on my mind to such an extent that I finally believed I could fly, and every time that I came to the head of that stairs to go down I had a most irresistible desire to fly. One day, being sent on an errand, the same feeling overcame me. I get to the the same feeling overcame me. I got to the head of the stairs, put one foot out and drew the other up quick, and then I flew, head first, down both fights, and landed at the bottom with both feet sprained. I was carried home, was laid up six weeks and was cured of my desire to fly. Helmet.

Saw the Houses After Many Years.

Some years ago I dreamed that I was walking in a street in New York which was unfamiliar to me, and I stopped before three oddlooking houses built in the colonial style. with pillars reaching from basement to the upper floors. Owing to their unusual character I studied them closely, and they were firmly impressed upon my mind at the time. About a month ago I had occasion to make a visit in West Forty-third street, and I had not gone two blocks before there upon my left (as in the vision) stood the three houses precisely in every detail as I saw there is precisely in every detail as I saw them in my dream. The proof that they were the identical houses lay in the fact that this forgotten dream flashed in the same instant upon my mind. The houses, two brown fronts and one white, are only two blocks from Broadway.

CHARLES BEIDGMAN.

The Mermaid's Wooing. to the Editor of The Evening World.

Our ship, the Europa, of Edgartown, was cruising on the "Off-Shore Whaling

although very tired, I took fine care not to although very tired, I took fine care not to fall asleep, for the invariable punishment for doing so was either a bucketful of salt water aimed directly at the usually open mouth of the sleeper, or the clapping over his eyes of a big "porous plaster" composed of canvas and tar. Suddenly an entrancingly beautiful head rose to the surface of the water, followed by a female form divine to match, but with rather fishy "understandings."

Leaning over the low railing she grasped my arm and besought me in soft accents to accompany her to her ocean home, and upon my refusal to do so the mermaid grasped me

my refusal to do so the mermaid grasped me by the arm and, despite my struggles, dragged me with superhuman force over the side of the ship. My presence of mind, however, did not forsake me. The moment I found myself in the water I struck out like a good tellow, but was awakened by the sound of myself in the water I struck out like a good fellow, but was awakened by the sound of laughter, and when, after a while, I had succeeded in sputtering out the briny water which had found its way into my mouth and had regained my eyesight I found myself surrounded by the howling, grinning watch on deck. Then it gradually dawned on me what had happened. Sure enough I had been asleep and the bucket had done its duty.

CARE KORBURN.

CARL KOEHLER, 201 East Eighty-third street,

A Vision of War Times.

In the Editor of The Evening World I was a member of Company E, Second Maryland Infantry, under Capt. James Martin, of Baltimore, in July, 1862. In the bettle of Buil Run I was shot through the leg and the Captain had one finger shot off, I was sent to the hospital in Alexandria, Va., and the Captain went home to his family in Baltimore. One night I dreamed I was in a strange city and went with some of my conrades to a large house, where a number of wounded men were lying on each side of a

My attention was fixed on what was clearly a dying man with a woman standing by his side. We walked slowly up to him and I saw it was Capt. Martin. He looked up at me and put out his hand, and then tried to raise the stump of his leg, and with an attempt to be humorous said: "See! They have taken my hook off," We shook hands and left, as my hook off." We shook hands and lett, as we knew he was dying. In the morning my dream was so real that I teld it to the men in the room, but laughingly said: "It cannot be true, for Martin is, in Baltimore; but I

be true, for Martin is, in Baltimore; but I certainly saw him with his leg off."

Some time after this I received a newspaper from Baltimore. I looked it all through, and there read that Capt. James Martin. of Company E, Second Maryland Regiment, died on such a day, and that he had lost a leg. Some months after I inquired carefully in regard to the circumstances, and I found that the Captain was having a good time in Relitmore. tain was having a good time in Baltimore but when his regiment went through, on the way to Antietam, the Captain joined them, and so lost his leg and his life. I then established the following points:

1. He lost his leg. 2. His wife was with him when he died. 3. That three men wished him good-by. 4. It was at the same time that

Capt. W. H. MATTHEWS, and Second avenue. COLLIER'S "ONCE A WEEK."

A New Ten-Thousand-Dollar Story Secured from Frank Stockton.

The editor of Once a Week has secured for publication in an early number a new serial story by Frank R. Stockton, whose "Great War Syndicate" has recently attracted the attention of the country. It is reported that \$10,000 was paid for this new story, and that it is of surpassing and exceptional interest.

A new novel has also been secured from B.

L. Farjeon.

L. Farjeon.

The current issue of Collier's Ouce a Week is, if anything, brighter and more enjoyable than its predecessors, not only in its literary contents, but also in the illustrations which it furnishes. The beautiful face which looks out from its first page this week is that of Mrs. Graham Harrison, formerly Mrs. Margand.

The editorial discussion of current topics The editorial discussion of carrier is as entertainingly brilliant as heretofore, and the inimitable society news will be devoured with eager interest by those who wish they might be of "the 400," "Our Promitive or "the they might be of "the 400." "Our Promi-nent Families" column is devoted this week

Godfrey Maydon," is the title of a complete novelette by Julian Hawthorne. It is piete novelette by Julian Hawthorne. It is in Hawthorne's best vein, and that is saying that it is up to the highest modern standard in all that is interesting.

The Thompson Street Poker Club series, by Henry Guy Carleton, is continued, with a characteristically funny lecture by Mr. Gus Johnson on "Bobtail Strokes, Flisks 'n' Siders,"

Siders,"

A Chicago supplement of fourteen pages is added this week, with sketches of the Chicago Board of Trade, theatres, clubs, &c., profusely illustrated with portraits.

Once a Week improves with each issue, and is really a weekly magazine of the first class.

Two Southern Girl Artists.

Miss Jennie Wilde and Miss Lillie Mott. wo young Southern girls belonging to families long identified with New Orleans, the one a grandchild of Richard Henry Wilde and herself a poet, the other a daughter of Robert Mott, a lawyer of note, have opened a studio at No. 17 Carondelet street, opened a studio it No. 17 Carondelet street, and gave their first reception yesterday. These enterprising young artists have been for some time members of the Art League in New York, an association containing 150 members, including some of the first artists in America. Miss Mott was last year chairman of the containing class and artists in America. Miss Mott was last year chairman of the costuming class and Miss Wilde was chairman of the sketch class. Miss Wilde was requested to make one of the Board of Control this year, but was obliged to come home to her family made desolate by the sudden death of her mother. In the summers the two young artists made sketches in Virginia, painted pictures where the blu waves of the Atlantic rolled upon the rock that make the coast of Maine so beautiful, or searched out picturesque bits of Boston and Massachusetts scenery to transfer to canvas. Miss Wilde sold her pictures in New York, and has also illustrated books and articles for Life and other New York papers, and did decorative painting to make homes beautiful A Monkey With a Peculiar Tale.

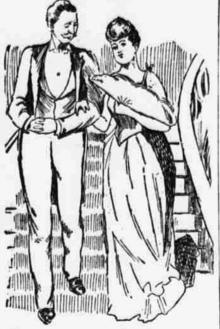
A murder was recently committed near Lucknow. It was detected, it is said, by a monkey. It appears that a juggler, with his wife, a goat and two monkeys, were attacked wife, a goat and two monkeys, were attacked by two Moplahs, who killed all except the male monkey, which escaped, and buried the bodies in the jungle. The male monkey took its station upon a big tree, watched every-thing, and when a constable passed by the animal made after him, laid hold of the man's leg and dragged him to the place where the bodies were buried. The bodies were exhumed, after which the monkey showed the way to a hut which the murderers had entered. Not finding them the animal took the constable in another the animal took the constable in another direction, and suddenly ran at full speed and seized a Moplah, who was going to bathe near a tank, by the neck, and waited till the constable arrived. This led to the detection of the murderers.

Dropped \$11,000 at Fare.

[Spokune Fulls Special to Chicago Tribune.] Judge Lewis is prominently known as an able jurist throughout the mining camps of Northern Idaho. He was on the bench at Northern idaho. He was on the bench at Lewiston under Arthur's Administration. He was likewise known for his ability as a poker player and all-round genius at the gaming table. Last Fall he came down from the mines and broke several faro banks, winning in the aggregate \$11,000. Last Saturday he dropped just about that amount in a joint known as the Mazeppa, and his wife made complaint against the proprietors in the United States District Court for the recovery of the amount.

DUG FROM VARIOUS VEINS OF PARA-GRAPHIC WIT.

> Astronomy Made Easy. [Proft July.]



Hostess-And so you really believe the moo to be inhabited, Professor? Prof. Euzümachen - Ah, vell, I do not But zere is vun moon in which zere nus' be vun man.

Hostess—And which might that be pray?

Prof. E. putting on his party manners)—Vy,
e—vat you call it?—ze honeymoon!

She Had Business There. I From America. 1

Policeman-Come, young woman, you must not loiter here after the audience has dispersed. Young Woman-Please, sir, I have business

here. Policeman—Well, what is it? Young Woman (blushing)—I am the—the young woman that's engaged to the automaton chess-player, and I am waiting for him to take me home.

An Artist's Mistake.

(From the Pittsburg Chronicle.)
"Rosa Bonheur as an artist is not true to nature, " remarked the snake editor. "How is that ?" asked the horse editor.
"In her picture. 'The Horse Fair.' appear
several white horses, but not a single red-haired
girl."

A Modern Romeo [From the New York Weekly]

Amelia-Swear not by the moon, the inc stant moon. Augustus-Then what shall I swear by ?

"Swear by that which you hold invaluable; something which is dearer to you than all things else; something that you cannot live without, "Then, Amelia, I love you; I swear it by my

I From the Norristown Herald 1

A correspondent speaks of "the work of disntegration at Ningara Falls," Let the falls disintegrate. The work doesn't cost visitors anything. It is the disintegration of the contents of a man's pocketbook at the Falls that is so ex-

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"I see that Bismarck takes water," said Mr. Snaggs, glancing over the Samoan news, "O, that's certainly a mistake." replied Mrs. Snaggs, "I read the other day that he always has a glass of brandy handy when making a speech."

[From the Burlington Free Press 1

Popinjay-Blobson, here's a new conundrum for you; When is a dog the richest at the same time that he feels the poorest?

Blob-on-That's a tough one. I give it up.

Popinjay-When he has lots of tin behind him.

A Sweet Revenge.

(From Deake's Magazine.)
Charles (in street car, whispering to Jackson sitting near him -Jack, don't you know that coung lady standing up?

Jackson-Yes, that's Miss Simbley,
"Why don't you offer her your seat?"
"I'm getting back at her,
"Getting back at her,
"Yes, she refused to waltz with me at the charity ball."

A Discerning Printer. [From the Norristown Herald.] A printer in a Democratic office set it up "The

National Wool-Growlers' Convention." The edi-or let the "I" remain in "Growers" and or let the "I" remain in aised the printer's wages. A Brilliant Woman. [From the Boston Transcript.] A Richmond woman who recently had her

stockings catch fire while warming her feet at an open fire had the presence of mind to plunge her feet into a wash-bowl half filled with water. A Valuable Suggestion.

[From the Noreistown Revold 1 Gen. Harrison's newly purchased horse, for use in Washington, is named Bill. He should call him "Senate Tariff Bill," and then the Democratic members of the House, no matter how fast their nags might be, wouldn't pass him.

Turkey Stuffing. [From the New York Weekly 1] City Boy-Do you like turkey stuffing!

Country Boy-Naw! Nobody eats turkey stuff ing. Guess you don't know what it is." "Yes. I do, It's the half a pound o' corn that you stuff into its crop, after it's dead, to make it

weigh heavier. A Case of Must.



"No, Mr. Sampson," she says sweetly, "I can never be your wife. We would not be happy. You are too extravagant in your habits. "Extravagant;" he repeated. "You have been misinformed, Miss Lulu. I am as econom-ical as a Brooklyn deacon. Why, I have to be." Then I can never be your wife, Mr. Samp-

" Because I'm economical ?"
" No. because you have to be economical!"

WIND choice and diarrhose in children cured by MONELL'S TERTEING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

Ground," midway between America and SMALL NUGGETS OF HUMOR. A MILK-ROUTE'S YIELD LOST. YARNS BY MANAGER GOLDEN BLOOMINGDALE'S.

MR. DEMEREST MISSED HIS \$1,200 WAD UPS AND DOWNS OF STARRING WITH A ON THE WAY TO THE BANK.

The Wad of Bills Was Five Inches Thick, and He Put It in His Overcoat Pocket While He Went Into a Brooklyn Store-When He Came Out It Wasn't There Now He Offers \$100 Reward,

When a milkman loses \$1,200, which he is carrying to a bank to deposit, selling milk by the quart seems to loom up from its lowliness as a money-coining business. This was the fate of James V. Demerest, who runs the Long Ridge Dairy, at 189 Bridge street, Brooklyn. Mr. Demerest went to his bearding house. so Sands street, vesterday afternoon, and, rolling a number of greenbacks into a fat wad, put on an immense ulster, stuck his roll starboard outside pocket, and, with a soothing recognition of what a happy thought it was to inject cows into the universe, started off to augment his bank account. The wad off to augment his bank account. The wad of bills was too wide to get into his inside pocket. It was 5 inches thick.

He called at a store on Gold street and cellected \$200 more. Then he dropped in at another store and bought an umbrella. When he came out he drove his hand into his starboard pocket to see that his bilts were all right, and found there an interest-

were all right, and found there an interesting though painful vacuity.

The money was gone:

Consequently Mr. Demerest gave up his visit to the bank and repaired to a newspaper office, where he offered 200 neward for the return of his "lost or stolen" meney.

As there is little doubt bott that some industrious and skilful pickpocket removed the bills from Mr. Demerest's pocket, he must bid a long farewell to the lucre he has skimmed from his foaming pails.

Mr. Demerest is a man of moderate means, has a family which resides in New Jersey, and a milk route in the quier rustic wastes of

has a family which resides in New Jersey, and a milk route in the quiet rustic wastes of Brooklyn town. It is against the first principles of dishonesty that a thief should return \$1,200 for a reward of \$100. Given, a thief: a lucky snatch of \$1,200, a reward of \$100 and what remains? A loss of \$1,200. So nothing is left for Mr. Demerest except to keep his hand on the bills that he takes to the National City Bank of Brooklyn hereafter. The lesson is a good one, but the bill after. The lesson is a good one, but the bill for tuition comes high.

Recent Strikes in France.

Attaché to the British Embassy in Paris, on the cause, extent and results of recent strikes in France has just been laid before the Parliament. The period reviewed is the past Autumn, and the principal strikes described are those of the navvies and carpenters in and about Paris, the payvies, corpenters, and about Paris, the navvies, carpenters, masons and smiths on the Brives-Limoges Railway, the stocking w-avers of Troyes, the colliers of St. Liteone, and the bakers of two of the most populous suburbs of Paris, St. Ouen and St. Denis. The Parisian navvies and carpenters struck for nine heurs' work a day and six days a week in place of eleven hours and seven days. With this reduction in time the demand practically was for the same waves as heretofore. tically was for the same wages as heretofore. Both strikes collapsed, the men returning to work only when some of them were starving. Mr. Crowe remarks that the bulk of the men had not their hearts in the struggle. The navyies wanted 5%d, and the carpenters 7%d. an hour minimum wages. The strike of 3,000 men on the Limoges Railway also failed to a great extent, a slight increase in wages only being granted. The stocking weavers' only be ng granted. The stocking weavers' strike at Troyes was met by a combination of the employers. It arose from the dismissal of a workman by one of the masters, and involved before long a number of demands on the masters. The latter offered a compromise, which was at first refused, but was accented after the strike had lasted for six weeks. The most dangerous strike of all was that of the colliers at St. Etienne, which commenced on Ang. 6 and was renewed in September. Riots ensued, the military were called out, and ultimately the miners resumed work without timately the miners resumed work without securing their principal demands, although securing their principal demands, although the mosters showed a spirit of compromise. The Paris bakers struck against a law of 1791 giving the local an horities power to fix the naximum price of bread. This had fallen into desuetude, but a syndicate of bakers in St. Ouen and St. Deais, having displayed a tendency to raise unduly the price of bread, the municipality revived the provisions of this law. The bakers shut all their choice at a sixen all their shops at a given moment in St. Denis, but the people stormed the chief bakery and plundered it, and next day bread was sold by order of the municipality in the streets by public auction. In St. Onen also bread was imported and sold by the muni-pality, and in both cases the bakers had to capitulate. During this strike it came out that the general expenses of a baker baking two and one-half sacks for 7 cwt. 8 grs. 14 lb.) of flour daily amounted to £264 9s, 7½ d. per annum, of which rent came to £112, faxes to £10 8s., gas to £16 16s., interest on capital to £68 and bad debts to £28.

A Faithful Russian Sentinel.

The Emperor of Russia has just decorated and rewarded a private soldier whose fidelity to his duty recalls the stories of the Roman sentinels who perished in the destruction of Pompeii. When the recent earthquake destroyed a small Russian town in Central Asia, this soldier was on duty in the military treasury. Although the houses were crashing around him, this faithful fellow stood motionless, waiting death. The only sign which showed that he appreciated his situawhich showed that he appreciated his situation was the fact that he raised his hands as soldiers do at prayer. Fortunately, a sergeant in the street saw him amid the ruins and instantly ordered him to leave his post, which he did right willingly. The undeviating obedience to the word of command, due to the iron sense of duty which distinguishes the Russian soldier, has seldom been more strikingly displayed than by this solitary sentry, who, when an earthquake shook a town into ruins, refused to leave his post in the very midst of the crashing masonry.

She Was a Literary Girl.

Mr. Gotham-Might I inquire what you are reading, Miss Leeflard 7 Miss Leeflard (of Chicago)-I am not reading,

Mr. Gotham: I am merely trying to find some thing in Pope's works.

Mr. Gotham—What do you wish to find? Perhaps I can assist you, for I flatter myself that I am well acquainted with Pope.

Miss Leeflard—I am trying to find his celebrated bull against the comet that the papers refer to so often.

Distress After Eating

Is one of the many disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsis Headache, heartburn, soor stomach, faintness and c Headache, heartburn, sour stomach, faintness and ca-prictous appetite are also caused by this very widespread and growing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy giges-tion, relieves the headache and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but lit-tle appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an im-mense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. Pauk, Watertown, Masa.

N. B .- Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared on by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

TEMPERANCE COMPANY.

Trouble Began When the Musical Director Struck the Morton House-A Catastrophe Which Nearly Postponed the Show Indefinitely-Terrible Breaks in the Tem

perance Ranks at Toro to. About four or five years ago I was starring in a piece called "The Barber's Scrape." We were to open at Yonkers on a Monday night and had our last rehearsal the previous Saturday. Before dismissing the rehearsal I gathered my compan around me and in a short speech, which made as pathetic as my line of business would allow, solemnly warned the male members of the company against the use of liquor in any shape or form. The boys all agreed to stick b me and swear off from too much liquor. of bills, wrapped up in a newspaper, into the | away happy in the belief that I was on the road

The next day was Sunday, and shortly after

dark I sallied forth to keep an engagement with my musical director at the Morton House. This director, whose name was Connelly, had been one of the most fervent in his protestations of reform and had congratulated me most sincerely on my own determination to stop drinking. As I was passing the entrance to the Star Theatre on Broadway my attention was attracted by the antics of a group of street nrchins. I stopped a moment and saw a man, evidently very drunk, endeavoring to retain his hold on a bundle of papers which were slipping from his grasp piece by piece. He had a cigar in his month and the boys were throwing missiles in his direction, with the evident intention of hitting the cigar. "Give it ter him. Jimmy, and as a piece of paper rolled into a ball and better aimed than the rest knocked the ashes off the cigar." Dat was a good nn, "were a few of the remarks that greeted my ears. After a time I drove the boys off and came to the stranger's resene. On approaching closer I was horrified to discover that the inebriate was none other than my musical director. This was a nice beginning for a temperance company, I thought, and made up my mind to take him home and sober him up. Placing his hands on my shoulders, he leered tipsily at me and huskily nurmured: "I've got all my music wiz me," and he had-all but what he had dropped.

The bundle which he had been holding contained the cuttre score of the music specially written for the piece, and the various numbers were scattered about in all directions. After gathering all within reach and sight I made the startling discovery that I had only one-half of it. Here was a pretty dilemma. No music meant no show, and forgetting all about the conductor in my anxiety to recover the music I determined to go over the route he had just taken and try to find my music. As I turned the corner of Thirteenth street towards Fourth avenue I saw something white on the pavement, and on picking it up found it was one of our songs. On my way down Fourth avenue I found another piece, and corner saloon another. I traced the leader's course by the music he had reform and had congratulated me most sincerely on my own determination to stop drinking. A

A report by Mr. Crowe, the Commercial songs. On my way down Fourth avenue I found another nices, and in a corner saloon another. I traced the leader's course by the music he had dropped from gin-mill to gin-mill all the way down Fourth avenue and the Bowery to Harding's music store. It took me just five hours to make the journey, and when I reached home it was nearly 2 o'clock a. M. and I was so tired I could scarcely stand. I had recovered all the music but one or two pieces and was proportionstely hapty.

tired I could searcely stand. I had recovered all the music but one or two pieces and was proportionately happy.

I had lost sight of my musical director, but kept hoping against hope that he would be outland. Monday night. Seven o'clock Monday evening found me at the theatre in Jonkers, trying to put things in shape for the evening's performance. At 8 o'clock, the time for ringing up the curtain, the director was still absent, and our property-man could not be found. I knew he was somewhere in the town, as he had come up on the same train as myself, and I despatched runners to bring him in. Fifteen minutes later he staggered into the theatre paralyzed drunk, and with his left optic so swollen that nothing could be seen of it. There was no use trying to get any work out of him, so I appointed myself property-man and assumed charge of the properties We finally rung up at 8.30 minus a leader and minus a propertyman, and gave the performance as best we could. Two knockouts from drink the first day of the season, and in a temperance company! he season, and in a temperance company wever, we continued on our tour, and at uto we were joined by a musical director, hally I weeded out all the drunkards, in a short time only three or four of my Gradually I weeded out all the drunkards, and in a short time only three or four of my original temperance organization remained. The people who had revolaced the drunkards were sober and reliable enough, but they were very bad actors and the performance had degenerated into something awful. The performance was vile, and I was continually writing to New York imploring my backer, Mr. Fuller, to close the abow. The only answer I could get out of him was, 'Keep right on, and when you get West you'll kill 'em.' As he was supplying the funds and paying me a good big salary, I could not refuse to keep on. So things continued from had to worse until we reached a little town in Ohio. I think it was called Xenia. It was politing rain, with no sizus of aliatement. The manager got disgusted and took the train for Chicago. In gespair I wired Fuller for permission to close the show and received the same old reply, 'Wait till you get West and you'll kill 'em.' About 7,45 I went to the theatre, and placing one of my men on the door proceeded to look around the hail. I found about twenty jays under the benches, where they had been concealed since supper time in the hope of seeing the show for nothing. I drove them out and was proceeding to my dressing-room, when I discovered a party

Kichard Felden

Gardner's Practical Joke.

Gardner's Practical Joke.

The German comedian Charles A, Gardner now playing successfully in his new play "Fatherland," is very fond of a practical joke "In Cincinnari recently," he said, "I wa walking on Vine street with my manager, Sid ney B. Ellis, when I noticed a clothing storbefore which were a lot of male dummies al clothed and properly labelled with prices. The ritrance to the store was in the centre and out side stood the properietor, with arms akindo between the dummies, forming a direct line, saw at once the opportunity and quickly steppes up to the first dummy, tooked at the label, say tibly. This dummy is marked \$10. the next and looking at the card the ... This one \$9, so to the next. This Then I came to the proprietor and exim carefully all over, shook my heading to the next exclaimed, 'They forest that dummy.' got to label that dummy."

The proprietor was dumfour-ded and dazed, while Gardner looked at the figures and cards and coolly walked away, several bystanders

Legas A. Gardner

A Porter Whom Blaine Likes. The head porter of the Fifth Avenue Hotel,

whose name is Lovejoy, is now very ill, and a statesman of no less distinction than Mr. James G. Blaine himself will be sorry to hear of Loveluy's sickness. Whenever Mr. Bhaine is at the hotel the porter is his right-hand man and enjoys the personal confidence of the Maine statesman. For years Mr. Blaine has known the stalwart porter personally, and when he returned last Fall from Europe Loveluy was cons of the Fail from Europe Lovejoy was one of the first to grasp his hand and ask about the statesman's health. "You seem to grow stouter and younger all the time," said Mr. Blaine said to Lovejoy

as he grasped the hand of the stalwart por

ter. Yes." replied Loveloy, "Good health keeps me young, and hald work keeps me

stout," Well, " said Mr. Blaine, " you are fortunate, and I suppose in the course of five or ten years more you will be a boy in age and a giant in strength." I'm that now," said the porter, as Mr. Biaine withdrew to his room.

Lovejoy knows personally all of the big
Republicans of the country, and many
prominent Democrats.

3d Ave. and 59th St.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN SILKS

FOR THIS WEEK.

49c.

57c.

50 pieces Double Warp Black Surah Silks, warranted all pure silk; regular price 75c.; for this week

Surah Silk; regular price 25 pieces Black Gros Grain Silk ; regular price, \$1.49;

50 pieces Double Warp Black

for this week..... 98c. 25 pieces Black Gros Grain Silk; regular price, \$2.00; for this week.....

3D AVE. AND 59TH ST. A MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT.

Bloomingdale Bros.,

The Six Little Tailors Open Their Big New Store on the Bowery.

The Six Little Tailors, otherwise known as Jacobs Brothers, opened their magnificent new store, Nos. 152 and 154 Bowery, last night, and it was the busiest spot in New York. Half a score of blinding electric lights strung along the front of the store made it the most brilliant spot

score of blinding electric lights strung along the front of the store made it the most brilliant spot on the great thoroughfare, and half a score more within made it as light indoors as it was out. The stdewalk was blocked with people looking at garments in cases ranged in front of the windows. Inside, cloths of all descriptions were piled up on the counters and customers througed the aisles to inspect them and leave their orders.

The spacious store is one of the handsomest in New York. The front is a vast expanse of pisteglass and burnished brass. The interior is something marvellous. The ceiling is cherry and the walls are enormous mirrors of heavy beveled glass. Messrs, Jacobs Bros, occupy the upper floors as well as the store and will use them for manufacturing. Altogether they will have a force of 250 persons at work in the building. They have two other stores, one at No. 229 and another at No. 1255 Broadway, and the manufacturing for all will be done at the big Bowery establishment.

The Six Little Tailors started seven years ago upstairs at No. 229 Broadway, and from a small beginning have built up a colossal business. Henry Jacobs, the sevior member of the firm, said last evening to a Woand reporter:

"We are really giving people more for their money than they can get anywhere else. We make entire suits to order for \$15 and upward. Suits which we make for \$20 and upward are imported goods. We make spring overcoats for \$15 and upward.

Pocket-Picking at Fashionable Marriages.

Pocket-Picking at Fashionable Marriages. [Paris Desputch to London Daily Telegraph.]
Some time ago a very unpleasant incident occurred at the marriage of a French Marquess. After the ceremony the guests

Marquess, After the ceremony the guests repaired to the house to inspect the presents, and soon it was discovered that a very costly ornament had disappeared. Search was made high and low. There was a "march past" of the visitors, under scrutinizing eyes, but all in vain. The missing article never was discovered, and to this day its fate remains a mystery. There really appears to be some fatality in weddings which marquesses are connected. Another Marquess married his son on Wednesday to a young lady belonging to a family well known in Parisian society, and after the ceremony the party repaired to to a family well known in Parisian society, and after the ceremony the party repaired to a restaurant near the Bois de Boulogne, where a choice luncheon was served specific. When the time came for paying the bill the Marquess, who was the Amphitryon, felt now in one pocket, now in another, but could not be a been supposed in the could not be a been sup I drove them out and was proceeding to my dressing-room, when I discovered a portly figure behind the stove. I dragged him out and was proceeding to send him outside with the others when the gas-man begged me to allow him to remain, saying that he was foolish and would laugh at rhost anything. I told him to keep the mao in the hall at all hazards.

We rung up the curtain and proceeded to give the entertainment. During the entire performance our foolish friend could be heard screaming with delight. A sudden break in his direction caused us to look over where he sat and noticed that the people about him were in a state of excitement. I sent the gas-man out of the family, who had heard a few smatches of the conversation and guessed the rest, now intervened. Luckily he had the wherewithal; but he too, searched to no jurpose. At last all fine guests got wind of the affair, and all instinctively felt for their purses. To their dismay nine of them found that their pockets were completely empty. During the crush in the vestry a pickpocket had been at work reaping a rich harvest and spreading consternation in the breasts of the Marquess's guests.

How Chinn's Emperor Looks. [From the North China News.] The Emperor is now seventeen years old. He has a serious hesitation in his speech, and speaks very slowly and with considerable difficulty. He is quiet in disposition and very obstinate when once he has formed an opinion. He has a very large head and a thin, pointed face. He is considered decidedly clever. There are strong indications cidedly clever. There are strong indications that the Emperor intends to rule in fact as well as in name, and is determined not to allow his father to interfere in the government of the country at all. Prince Chen, the Emperor's father, is very ambitions, ar shown by the intrigue which took place four years ago, when Prince Kunz, his elder brother, was sudtenly degraded and removed from the offices which he had held for about twenty-five years and Prince Chen was immediately afterwards appointed to succeed him.

Power of Religion.

(From the Philiadelphia Record.)
Mrs. Winks-Folks ray Mr. Wood, the cigar manufacturer, was converted at the revival last might,
Mr. Winks—Guess it's true. I stepped in this
morning for my favorite brand of two-for-five
cigars and I noticed the card." Pure Havans
had been moved over to the 15-cent box.

By Our Own Funny Man. (From the Jeveleva' Weekly.1

It is indeed a bashful thing.
That little watch i gave to Grace,
For when I touch the slender spring
That opens its enameled case,
It makes a gentle murnuring,
And holds its hands before its face.

THE CENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALTEXTRACT TONIC AND NUTRIENT, nended by all pressment Physicae 1847, for

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION NURSING MOTHERS, LUNG THOUBLES, THE WEAK AND DEBILITATED. The genuine has the signature of 'Johann Hoff " and "Moritz Bisner" on the neck of every bottle.

"Gennine" EISNER & MENDELSON Co-up in this of bottles SOLE AGENTS FOR THEU. 8. only. 6 Barclay St., New York